A

POEM

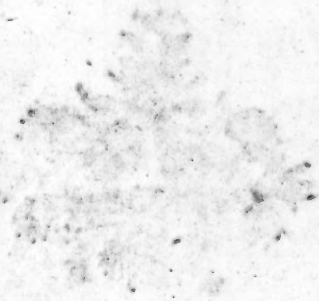
ON

Dr. C------d,

nd the three Rival SISTERS.

vidiâ Siculi non invenere Tyranni majus
Tormentum. HOR.

ublin, Printed in the Year 1730.



THE PREFACE.

I May ſeem too audacious perhaps in expoſing in too clear a Light the fair Characters of ſuch illuſtrious Beauties in the Eyes of the Illiterate, who can't pretend to judge of Matters, whoſe Extenſion reaches beyond their Knowledge, But muſt acquieſce in the Inveſtigation of thoſe Things, that fall within their ſhallow Capacities; but preſume that a judicious Reader, and a Man of Senſe will be of Opinion, that the Characters are involv'd in Obſcurity enough, to conceal both the Author and his female Objects, without even the leaſt Grounds of Suſpicion, unleſs the Ladies own Luſtre darts ſuch Rays of Light, as would be influential in illuminating the Reader's Underſtanding, and

ſo

ſo make a perfect Diſcovery of themſelve
and ſo effectual as to raiſe idle Notions
their Minds, and thence form fundament
Suppoſitions. But what Man, yet never
unacquainted with the Rules and Precepts
Morality and Wiſdom, would undertake up
groundleſs Principles, either to Think, or Speak
what might turn to the diſcredit of any Per
ſon whatſoever. Perhaps even Men of Sen
and Learning, may think they have ſuffi
cient cauſe to blame me, for not giving
more lively Deſcription of the Gentleman men
tion'd in my Paper, but yet I'm ſo vain
to believe my Reaſons for ſo doing ſolid
nough: The Dr. (which fond Title, the La
dies out of a modeſt ardency of Love, hav
impos'd upon him) is a Gentleman, ſo univer
ſally lik'd, and deem'd ſo perfect a Maſte
of the Gifts of Nature, that a ſecret Aw
and Reverence interpos'd, and hinder'd m
in the very Action, leaſt the compleat Know
ledge the fair Sex had of him, and my De
ſcription comformable to thoſe Ideas, they en
tertain'd of him, may unite together to clea
up the Darkneſs, and ſo make cenſorious Peo
ple too buſy in finding out this qualified Lover.

A

POEM.

LOVE, like a Tyrant with ſuperior Sway,
On various Objects can it's Pow'r diſplay:
And rais'd by fond Ambition, can controul
The dire Reſiſtance of a ſtriving Soul;
And Reaſon conquer'd in the amorous Plain,
Muſt ſuffer Love to tyrannize and reign.
Nature directs us to a mutual Love,
And with the tendereſt Strokes in vain has ſtrove,
To engraft this pleaſant Object in the Mind,
And thence unwonted Happineſs to find.
Three handſome Siſters full of envy'd Grace,
Enjoying ſweet Felicity and Peace,
Who founded all their Bliſs in Moſſy Plains,
In chanting Birds, in Shepherds, and in Swains;
Whom nothing could invade, but liv'd ſecure,
Within the Bounds of Nature, nought allure

With

With tempting Pleaſure, and enchanting
Bliſs,
Beyond the modeſt Limits of a Kiſs.
But Fortune with her ſoaring Wings elate
Prevail'd, and turn'd the Scales, and made
them great,
And with a Power experienc'd rais'd
their Fate.
The pleaſing Thoughts of ſeeming gayer
Wives,
Wrought great Effect in them to change
their Lives:
No longer limpid Streams could pleaſe the
Mind,
But all unanimouſly were inclin'd
To change their former rural Habitation,
Since Fate had call'd them to a higher Stati-
on:
No longer Nature in her ſimple Dreſs,
Could pleaſe their Fancy more, or Hatred
leſs,
But incantorious and deluding Art,
Had built a firm Foundation in the Heart:
The Mind recoil'd againſt it's former Eaſe,
That wanton'd in a perfect rural Peace.
At laſt with mutual Love and Joy inſpir'd,
They with ambitious ſoaring Thought
retir'd,
To taſte the Pleaſures of a City-Life,
And feel the pleaſing Anguiſh of a Wife:

nd here advanc'd, each thought her
Country-Seat,
Trifle to their new exalted State,
ach ſtrove for Preference, with envy'd
Force to arm,
heir natural Beauty with deceiving
Charms:
t laſt well vers'd in every Beauiſh Art,
hey vy'd to be the Tyrants of ſome Heart;
nd ſoon prevail'd, for their refulgent Eyes,
arted ſuch Rays of Light, as caus'd Sur-
priſe;
ruce *C--d* was caught within the amorous
Snare,
nd ſoon became the Object of their Care;
happy, nay thrice happy Man is He,
hat centers his Felicity in thee,
ut oh! unfortunate, that loves the three.
nd then theſe emulating Siſters vainly
ſtrove,
o make one Man the Object of their Love,
nd ſtill continue in this fond Deſire,
o make one Lover bear three Women's
Fire:
ut while ſuch frantick Notions chain the
Heart,
he Soul will feel perceptibly the Smart:
or Emulation is the Cauſe of Strife,
nd that which chiefly can embitter Life;
s Tyrants, when advanc'd to regal Sway,
rget to rule, and Subjects to obey,

Are

Are envy'd yet of their exalted Place,
And neither King, nor Subject, live in Peace
G--y's adorn'd with every ſmiling Grace
And ſoothing Airs deſcend from her enamour'd Face,
No ſurly Frown can cauſe a cool diſdain,
But faithful Love aſſumes an awful Reign
Her chief Perfection's this, ſhe's very witty
When *F--h P--y* is as coy as pritty:
Her Roſy Cheeks, and modeſt Affectation
Are blended with her Lover's willing Approbation;
But *N--y*, as ſhe's youngeſt can diſarm
The former two of every ſeeming Charm
Perfection dwells within her virtuous Heart,
And Nature is ſufficient without Art:
A pleaſing Goodneſs, and a ſmiling Grace
Of Modeſty, adorns her virtuous Face:
No conſcious Vices, or affecting Air,
Can find admittance in this purer Fair:
But rather Truth, and inward Love, and Peace,
Unite together, to promote her Eaſe:
No horrid Conſcience, can her Mind controul,
But rather pious Thoughts, adorn her Soul
With theſe compleat Perfections ſhe bleſt,
And of the Three, I think ſweet *A--n*'s the beſt.

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FINIS.